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The minimum charges of 25 cents is made for advertisements of thirty words or less, (5 lines). For additional lines five cents per line for three insertions. Business locals for this column five cents per line each insertion. Copy received after 11 a. m. will be held for following day.

Try the People's Exchange for Results

Forms
Close
11 A. M.

Help Wanted.

WANTED—Ladies. Make aprons at home for wholesale concern. Material sent postpaid. Steady work. Send 10 cents order for pattern and full particulars. Wells Co., Box 770, Fort Madison, Iowa. 11-19-1mo

PERMANENT BUSINESS—Men wanted to sell Little Wonder Gasoline Lights. Clean, dignified work, profitable from the start. Men making \$200 to \$4,000 per year. Address: Wunder Company, 500 Walnut street, Terre Haute, Ind. 10-166-tr

Situations Wanted.

WANTED—Sewing, plain and fancy; rates reasonable. Also agent for Spirella Corset. Call Bell phone 487-J. Monroe St. No. 826. 10-16-1tr

Rooms for Rent.

FOR RENT—One nicely furnished double front room for rent, 525 Ogden avenue. Bell phone 885-J. 17-1tr

FOR RENT—Two office rooms, third floor Jacobs building. Apply to Winnie M. Jacobs, 381 Fairmont ave. 12-11-3tr

FURNISHED room, 317 Hamilton st. 12-11-3tr

FOR RENT—One room, with or without light house keeping. Apply Mrs. V. J. Calhoun, 514 Ogden Ave. 7-24-1tr

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms with or without light house keeping. Mrs. Robertson, corner Monroe and 11th streets. 7-24-1tr

FOR RENT—Well furnished steam heated rooms. Breakfast and dinner if desired. 624 Fairmont Avenue. 12-28-2tr

Houses for Rent.

FOR RENT—A nice modern seven room house at Kelley Place, corner Walnut and Third streets. Also a fine 5-room flat in Kelley building on Water street. First ward. Inquire of F. P. Kelley Lumber Co. 12-16-1tr

FOR RENT—One modern six-room house close in. Apply 228 Spring St. 11-12-1tr

FOR RENT—Eight room house, Benoni avenue. Seven room house, Edgemont. Petrick's Brokerage Ins. Co. 10-7-1tr

FOR RENT—Nine room house corner 25th St. and Fairmont Ave. Call Consolidated—Phone 178. 12-11-3tr

FOR RENT

1 nine room (brick) house, Wheeling avenue.

1 seven room (brick) house, Wheeling avenue.

1 seven room (frame) house, Wheeling avenue.

Inquire for further particulars. Brooks & Hutchinson, Bell phone, office, 223; Res. 176. Consolidated, 428. 8-24-1mo.

For Sale.

MOVING PICTURE OUTFIT FOR SALE—Cost \$300—\$100 will buy it if sold soon. No. 1 Ograph Machine. 6 rolls Film. 6 sets colored slides. Cuckoo light outfit good as new; only been used short time. Electric attachment and screen and other articles to go with it. For further information call or write J. H. Peer, Merrifield Hotel, Fairmont, W. Va. 12-7-1mo

FOR SALE—Blank Oil and Gas Leases, South Penn form, also Assignments of Lease and House Leases. Apply West Virginia Office. 3-25-1tr

FOR SALE—Blank coal options at the West Virginia office. 3-25-1tr

NON-REVERSIBLE gas heating stoves. Something new. Will sell cheap. Inquire 605 Walnut avenue, Fairmont. 12-26-3tr

NOW is your time to get a Non-Freezing Fountain for your poultry for sale at Arch Fleming's Feed Store or by Geo. Weiss, Watson, W. Va. Cons'l. Phone 248-X. 12-29-1mo.

**STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION**

A meeting of the Public Service Commission, held on the 22nd day of December, A. D. 114.

No. 282. In the matter of the application of the Wadestown Telephone Company, a corporation for authority to increase rates.

Whereas, application to establish increased and additional rates for furnishing telephone service has this day been filed by the above named Wadestown Telephone Company.

It is hereby ordered that leave be granted to any person interested to file objections to said application before the Public Service Commission within thirty (30) days from this date, and that this matter be set down for hearing at the General Session of the Commission, to be held at the Capitol, in the City of Charleston, on the 6th day of February, 1915 at 2 o'clock P. M., at which time all persons interested may appear and make such objections as they may see fit.

And it is further directed that this order be published by the applicant once each week for four successive weeks in some newspaper of general circulation in the Counties of Marion and Monongalia, West Virginia, and that due return there-of be made to this Commission.

A Copy.

Teste: P. B. BEMHEIM, Secretary.
Dec. 29, Jan. 5, 13, 19.

FAIRMONT ICE CO.
Manufacturers of pure ice.
Office and plant 1st ward.
Both Phones 398.

SPORTS

TODAY IN PUGILISTIC ANNALS.

1898—Jimmy Barry and Casper Leon fought 20-round draw at Davenport, Ia. This was the last battle in the ring of Jimmy Barry, who was then the bantamweight champion of the world. The following year Barry retired undefeated. Jimmy was one of a very few modern champions who quit the ring while the quitting was good, without waiting to be knocked out. Arthur Chambers and Jack McAuliffe, both of whom held the lightweight title, retired without having suffered the ignominy of defeat. Mike Donovan was still middleweight champion when he quit in 1882 to become boxing instructor for the New York A. C., a job he held until his recent resignation. No modern heavyweight has ever resigned his honors except by force of superior prowess, although a number of gladiators of the past have left the ring with their fame untarnished. Lose their titles the same way they achieve them—by fighting.

1887—Jess Willard, heavyweight boxer, born in Pottawatomie county, Kan. 1900—Jack Clelland defeated Eddie Santny in 5 rounds at Pittsburgh.

1901—George Gardner defeated Kid Carter in 6 rounds at Chicago.

Abe Martin



Hon. Ex-editor Cale Fluhart thinks some o' returnin' t' th' Republican party an' he wants t' know if it'll be all right if he jest drops a postal card instead o' writin' a open letter. A feller kin be eloquent an' still wrong.

SPORTOGRAPHY—BY GRAVY

PUGILISTIC SITUATION IS STILL IN HOPELESS MUDDLE

This annum of 1914, now meandering along to its close, hasn't been a remarkable one in a pugilistic way. Most of the divisions of the great game are still in a hopeless muddle, and, with the sport legally barred in California and ended by war in Great Britain and France, it isn't likely that 1915 will accomplish much toward clearing up the situation.

The most promising aspect of the coming year is the possibility that the heavyweight title may change ownership. Even if Johnson loses to a white man, however, said Caucasian will have a mighty dark road to travel to hold on to his honors, unless he follows the example of John L. Sullivan in the case of Peter Jackson and draws the "color line." Johnson may have ruined his strength and stamina by riotous dissipation, but there are apparently credible reports that the stories of Jack's wild ways have been greatly exaggerated. Possibly they have been circulated with a view to enabling Johnson to pick up some easy coin by luring an ambitious white man into the ring with him. Then, even if Jack is all in, there remain certain dark-hued gents named Sam Langford, Sam McVey and Joe Jeannette. We are confidently informed, in some quarters, that these brunet persons are also has-beens. We also know that they are gifted with a certain amount of acumen, and that they don't always show the best goods they have in stock. They are not going to smash the egg that hatched the golden goose.

The middleweight situation is all up in the blue atmosphere. We have a person named Al McCoy claiming the championship of that division, because he landed a lucky punch on George Chip, who had whipped Frank Klaus. Mike Gibbons, Jimmy Clabby, Eddie McGoorty and Chip are men of real championship calibre, however, and the ring should have a real middleweight champ before the coming year is over. Whoever he is, he won't be another Fitz, because there was only one Ruby Robert and the pattern was lost. At that, the man who comes out on top should be as good as most middleweight title holders of the past.

In the welterweight division—well, one could almost describe the welter class by paraphrasing the essay on "Snakes in Ireland," which read: "There are no snakes in Ireland." Aside from Packey McFarland, who still embraces the notion that he's a lightweight, there are no wellers of championship calibre today.

The lightweight title has changed hands since 1914 was ushered in, but Freddie Welsh, in his recent battles, hasn't demonstrated that he is a bona fide champ. The vegetarian Welshman is a clever boxer, about as clever as they make 'em, but that about lets him out. His victory over Ritchie was far from being decisive. There are several lightweights now battling in America who would stand a good chance against the Britisher.

Johnny Kilbane is still hugging the featherweight championship, he be has commenced to mingle with the lightweights. Johnny has been a real cham-

**Still Unravel
Kilarm Murder
Mystery Clues**

MORE REVOLVERS, STILLETOS AND DIRKS HAVE BEEN FOUND.

MEMBERS OF THE BLACK HAND SOCIETY ARE ALL OVER THE STATE.

As was predicted by the West Virginia last evening the officers returned last evening from Kilarm with additional documents pertaining to the Mann Nero society.

The shoes that the officers took with them fit fingerprints around the scene of the double murder. More revolvers, dirks and stillets were found and brought in.

The evidence that obtained in the diligent search made Monday was accumulative rather than new. That the ramifications of the society permeates the entire state is apparent at this time.

A document in possession of the officers supposed to be a roster of the membership shows that there are members of the organization in many towns.

The details of the crime at Kilarm are slowly unfolding. The officers are on the right trail, and more developments are expected.

The coroner's jury will likely sit tomorrow, when it is believed that it can soon disposed of the matters to be brought before it.

The officers are busy on the case and no avenue will be left unexplored by trained men who are now ferreting out the details of the crime.

**Lawyers Meet Today
In Parkersburg**

PARKERSBURG, Dec. 29.—The thirtieth annual meeting of the West Virginia Bar Association convened in Parkersburg today to last two days. This is expected to be one of the most important meetings as well as most largely attended ever held. The Parkersburg and Wood County Bar has made exceptional preparations for the entertainment of the visiting lawyers.

The vanguard of the members to attend the meetings arrived here last Monday night. Tuesday will be a highly important session as the election of officers and other important business will be transacted during the day.

The annual banquet over which Solicitor General John W. Davis will preside as toastmaster will be an important feature. Many prominent lawyers from all sections of the state are in attendance.

GIRL WITH THE FLAG
STQ. 2A — 2539
By MRS. GEN. GEORGE E. PICKETT.

The long lines of infantry had swept up through the green valleys of southern Pennsylvania and were warily marching northward to a battlefield somewhere, no man of them could have told where. They only knew that they were tired and foot-sore and hungry, and the rich green fields they had passed had brought no comfort.

A young soldier took off his ragged cap, wiped the perspiration from his face and looked over at a little cottage with its encircling vines. It made him think of another little cottage across the lines, where the vines had embowered his childhood.

As the head of the column came opposite the house a girl ran out from the open doorway to the front of the portico. She had a United States flag tied around her as an apron and she stepped upon a chair that the whole army might see it and waved it defiantly at the approaching troops.

The leader looked around apprehensively. Some of his men had come from the most frightfully devastated part of the South. How would they take the sudden defiant presentation of the banner under which that ruin had been wrought? With a swift, graceful movement he wheeled his black battle horse out of line, lifted his cap, bowed to the warlike maid and saluted the flag she bore. He turned to the advancing men, waved his hand, and every tattered cap was lifted and each man as he passed saluted the enemy's colors. The leader rode forward to his place and the long line moved on.

"She is a little fighter," thought the boy who had waved his cap to her. "I should like to have her for a sister. Only if she were my sister she would wave but one flag."

He sighed, remembering the lonely cottage under the magnolias.

"In love again, by Jove," said the older soldier who marched beside him. "Hi, boys! What do you think? Shivers is in love with the little Pennsylvania amazon."

"Shivers is always in love," said another. "He's the victim of chronic affection. Do you remember how he fell in love with the guerrilla's daughter and came near being shot for a spy? Some day Shivers will have a fatal attack of love and General Lee will quit lying awake nights trying to keep at the head of the army, in the light of Shiver's increasing military fame."

"Military fame, indeed!" growled a rugged veteran. "All the time Jack Shivers will ever get will be for writing verses and singing love songs with guitar accompaniments."

All the while they were marching on—they who dreamed of home and love, they who professed a lofty scorn for sentimentalities, and they who went silently to the field whereon a cause was to die.

On the morning of the third poor Jack Shivers was one of those who lay behind the low, long hill and looked eastward into the space between two ranges of fire-crowned peaks. A man was crouched down beside him with his hand resting on his shoulder. Neither spoke, but there was a comradeship in the touch that told of a love greater than men put into words.

Beyond the crest they waited as the slow hours went by—waited till the order came, and they went down into the valley of death. What they did on that fatal field of Gettysburg is inscribed on the page of history.

In the beginning of the retreat Jack Shivers was wounded. The overwhelming force of the enemy were closing in from every point.

"He is dead," thought the man. He scarce noticed the shower of balls that fell about him nor marveled over the apparent miracle that not one of them touched him as he bore the unconscious boy to a spot of greater security. Under the grove of trees not quite in the line of fire he laid his friend on the smooth grass that had been untouched by the storm of war. With his untutored skill he dressed the wound and sat looking at the still face and trying to tug with the fingers of hope against the weight of despair that filled his heart.

The boy moved restlessly and opened his eyes.

"Are we dead?"

"No; unfortunately—we are lonesomely alive. We'd have more company if we were dead."

"Did we win the battle?"

"Did we win? Boy, I am too heart-weary and dazed to know anything but pain, unless it be thankfulness that you are alive."

"But tell me something—where are we and where are the others? O, I see; I am wounded and can't go on—but you—you must leave me or you will be taken prisoner or killed."

"Not much, old man; here open your mouth and take a swig of this."

The sun which had risen so brightly upon our hopes went down sadly on defeat, and darkness closed around the grove, and still the man sat there, watching over the helpless boy.

Over beyond the western hills the roll of the old division was being called and only a thousand voices made answer. The others had responded to the last roll call. Thus the dawn of Independence day gloomed over the defeated army in 1863.

Jim went to the edge of the woods and looked up and down the white sand road. He heard the crunch of wheels and presently a man whistling. The sound seemed to bring him out of his isolation. He was still in a world where men could whistle. He stepped out into the road as the wagon drew up. The driver stopped his horses suddenly and said in a gruff, but not unfriendly, tone: "Mornin'."

"Good-morning."

"What do you want, comin' 'round skeerin' my horses so early in the mornin'?"

"A ride in your wagon and something to eat."

The man took from under "he wagon seat some pieces of bread and meat and a bottle of coffee.

"I keep a perambulating house of entertainment. Breakfast for two of you wan' ter bring a friend, an' trained waiters. All you want now is a fire warm it by an' somebody ter perse at the bar, which I'm him."

There was a glint of honesty in the rugged face and a frank tone in the voice that inspired confidence, and Jim led the way to where his wounded friend lay.

"Purty as a picter. I'd like ter set him up on the mantel piece ter look at, but in a storm I'd rather tie ter you."

He so far yielded to the universal dominance of the picturesque as to kindle the fire and heat the breakfast for the wounded boy.

"Now, you tellers can't stay hyer," he said after the breakfast was finished. "It's dangerous. Somebody'll come along an' nab you en, leas'twise, my hotel is the only trav'lin one in these parts, an' when it moves on you won't have no feed." That's a place down hyer on the road whar you'd be safe 'nough. I'll take you thar. They's Yanks en you's rebs, I take it, but they ain't people to go back on a feller whar's wounded, ner one at's takin' keer er the unfortun'it."

"Yes; we're rebs. What are you?"

"I'm a teamster," replied their host, with a fine air of neutrality.

They stopped in front of a cottage with a rose vine growing over it and pink roses peeping out brightly. A great Newfoundland dog sleeping in the yard arose and came to the gate, wagging his tail in a friendly way.

"Here we are," said the teamster, lifting the boy out. As he carried him up the steps, confident of the welcome he did not stop to ask, a girl came out on the portico.

"How are you, Rosalyn? You see I've brought you a Johnny reb to take care of."

The girl frowned darkly.

"How dare you call him names? Maybe he was that when he fought. When he is wounded he is a southern soldier."

"She had brown eyes," thought Shivers, looking at her with a long, slow glance through half shut eyes. She was not defiant now, but gentle and sympathetic, and Shivers thought she had tears in her eyes when she looked at him. He could not see well. He was dazed by fatigue and the pain of his wound. Even as he looked at her he drifted off into unconsciousness.

When he came back to the world the soft eyes still looked compassionately at him. His thought went back, groping for a memory of her.

"You are the girl who waved the flag at me."

"Oh, but I wouldn't if I had known that you would be wounded. I'm so sorry."

"Sorry that I am wounded?"

"Yes, and that I waved the flag."

"I am not sorry for that; I rather liked it. Perhaps I am not so sorry for being wounded as I was some hours ago."

His wound had been skillfully dressed and the pain was lessened. Through a window opposite his couch he looked out into a mesh of pink-blossomed vines above which was a glint of blue sky, sun-bathed. And the soft eyes yet looked at him sorrowfully. Small wonder that his grief was assuaged.

July dreamed into August. August dreamed into September. September awakened the world to a new life, and then Jack Shivers went to his southern home, leaving a very sorrowful little maiden in the cottage under the oak trees, but she held a sweet hope in her heart as he held her hand at the parting and said: "When the war is over—"

The daisies have blossomed many times on the field of Gettysburg and the snows of time have descended upon the heads that then were young. In the little cottage, under the magnolias, a white-haired man and woman go hand in hand down the slope of life. When the Fourth of July comes she lifts brown eyes upward to him and says: "Let's hang out the old flag, Jack!" He assents and she brings it from its hiding place. The passerby might say that its colors were faded and its stars had lost their sheen, but Jack Shivers says it is more beautiful now than when it waved defiance to him in the long ago. Then they both fall to dreaming of the Fourth of July in '63. (Copyright, 1914, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

**John Bassel,
A Prominent
Attorney, Dies**

PASSED AWAY EARLY YESTERDAY MORNING AT HIS HOME.

WAS NEXT TO THE OLDEST LAWYER AT HARRISON COUNTY BAR.

CLARKSBURG, Dec. 29.—The Honorable John Bassel died at 6:30 o'clock Monday morning at his home on West Main street. Mr. Bassel had been in declining health for several months and was very low the two weeks prior to his death. A complication of diseases was the immediate cause of his death.

Born near Lost Creek in 1840, Mr. Bassel was 74 years of age. He was a son of Benjamin Bassel, who came to this section from Connecticut and settled at Lost Creek.

John Bassel was a graduate of Washington and Jefferson College at Washington, Pa., and he was admitted to the Clarksburg bar June 8, 1864. He was a member of the constitutional convention in 1872 at Charleston. In the seventies he served a term as prosecuting attorney of Harrison county. For many years and at the time of his death he was assistant counsel for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company for several counties in that part of the state.

As a lawyer Mr. Bassel stood at the head of the profession. He had not only a profound knowledge of law but he was a very able debater and always conducted his cases with admirable effectiveness. He was scholarly and a splendid historian. He possessed a magnetic personality and had one of the most brilliant minds of the men of his day.

Mr. Bassel attended services at the First Presbyterian and Christ Episcopal churches.

In point of membership and age Mr. Bassel was the next oldest lawyer at the Clarksburg bar. The legal fraternity has arranged to hold a meeting at 4 o'clock this evening to take suitable action on his death and to arrange to attend the funeral in a body.

**Examination Dates
Are Announced**

The state department of schools has announced the dates for the teachers' examinations for the coming year as follows:

February 4-5—First test for elementary diplomas.

March 25-26—Second test for elementary diplomas.

May 13-14—Third test for elementary diplomas.

April 1-2—Examination for uniform, renewal and primary certificates.

June 3-4—Examination for uniform, renewal, primary and High school certificates.

July 23-24—Examination for uniform, renewal, primary and High school certificates.

Applicants for first renewal of first grade certificates are not required to pass any examination.

**Big Tax Paid by Oil
And Gas Companies**

CHARLESTON, Dec. 29.—From pipe line companies, operating oil and gas wells in the several sections of the state, West Virginia exacts in taxes for the year 1914 the sum of \$55,218.38, for this class of public service corporations ranking next to the railroads in the amount of taxes contributed to the state each year.

The taxes paid by the oil and gas companies are based upon a total valuation of \$101,343,000, the assessment having been laid by the state board of public works, which places the valuation on all pipe line companies operating oil or gas wells in the state.

Of the entire amount of taxes paid by these corporations, the state, which collects the taxes through the state auditor's office, will receive \$38,829.96; counties, \$388,978.02; districts, \$341,989.95; and municipalities, \$5,421.16.

The Hope Natural Gas Company, the Eureka Pipe Line Company and the United Fuel Gas Company, whose holdings are assessed at \$55,000,000, pay more than half of the taxes paid by the pipe line companies. The Hope Natural Gas Company's property is assessed at twenty-five millions and its taxes are \$201,663.42. Godfrey L. Cabot pays on a valuation of \$103,000, his taxes being \$1,051.57.

HIPPODROME THEATRE.

The program being offered this week at the Hippodrome is exceptionally good and no doubt will attract large patronage. Brown and Simmons in their comedy singing sketch, "The Swedish Scrubwoman," have a decided novelty. Mr. Brown possesses a rich tenor voice which is heard to advantage. A distinct feature is the rendition of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's famous poem, "The Price She Paid," by Miss Simmons; also the closing number, "When You Were a Tulip and I Were a Big Red Rose." Dalton, Lee and Brooke are two clever girls and a young man who is some pianist. Harmony singing and piano playing are offered by the trio and the audience was very enthusiastic over their specialty, they being recalled time after time. Brock Brothers and Edna offer "A Few Minutes with the Soldiers," a comedy horizontal bar gymnastic act that ranks away ahead of anything in this style of an act.

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Signature of
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SPECIAL MEETING OF MEMBERS.

A special meeting of the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Fairmont is hereby called to be held at the rooms of the Association in the City of Fairmont, West Virginia, on the 5th day of January, 1915, at 7:00 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of considering and acting upon a resolution to be then and there presented, authorizing the issue of the corporate notes of said Association in the principal sum of Fifteen Thousand Dollars (\$15,000) and the execution of a mortgage deed of trust on the property of Association to secure the payment same; and for the transaction of other business coming before meeting of members.

J. M. HARTLEY, President.
Dec. 22 and 29.

**WHICH FOR YOUR
BOY?**

There are two paths open to every boy. Without prompt and proper advice, he will find the path that offers the least resistance. This means cigarettes, evenings away from home and careless companions. If he is interested in a savings account he will have no use for these things.

**THE
NATIONAL BANK
OF FAIRMONT**

**Holbert Brothers
FIRE INSURANCE**

ESTABLISHED 1870.

**ACCIDENT, HEALTH, LIFE,
PLATE GLASS, STEAM BOILER,
BURGLARY, LIABILITY, SURETY BONDS.**

An Insurance Policy is a "conditional" promise to pay. We make the conditions right and our companies always pay. Our prices are no higher than you pay elsewhere. Why not get the best?

**Blank Oil and Gas Leases,
South Penn Form; also Assignments of Lease and House Leases at West Virginia Office.**

SOUTH SIDE PLUMBING CO.

205 WALNUT AVE.
Bell Phone 154-J. Cons. 394.

**THE WHITE ICE WAGON
The Ice That Stands Best.
Bell Telephone, 642.
Consolidated Telephone, 117.
RAY D. HARDEN, Mgr.**

**Professional
CARDS.**

LAWYERS

HARRY SHAW
Lawyer
Fleming Bldg. Fairmont, W. Va.

IRA L. SMITH

Counselor at Law
Office Trust Bldg. Fairmont, W. Va.

PAUL G. ARMSTRONG

Attorney at Law
Rooms 41 and 42—7th Floor Trust Co. Building, Fairmont, W. Va.

DR. D. L. L. YOST.

Practice Limited to Consultations and Office treatment of all Chronic and Constitutional Diseases.
184 Main St. Fairmont, W. Va.

A. B. Scott

Optician,
With A. B. Scott & Co., Jewelers,
FAIRMONT, W. VA.
25 Years' Practical Experience.
We do our own grinding. Glasses of all kinds furnished in one hour.

Baby Has Nerves Like Grown Folks—
Resist them. Baby can't tell you what is the trouble. Soothe the restless infant with
DR. FAHRNEY'S TEething SYRUP
and he will sleep well, eat well, and be content. This famous remedy prevents Colic's infantum, cures bowel complaints and Colic's teething easy and safe. Can be given to babies one day old. 25 cents at druggists. Trial bottle free if you mention this paper.
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